

# Newes from Bartholmew Fayre.

**T**hose that will heare any London newes,  
Where some be merrie and some do mule:  
And who hath bene at Bartholmew Fayre,  
And what good stirring hath bene there,  
Come but to mee and you shall heare,  
For among the thickest I have bene there.  
There double beere and bottle-ale,  
In euerie corner had good sale,  
Many a pig and many a Sow,  
Many a Jade and many a Cow,  
Canole rushes, Cloth, and leather,  
And many things came in together.  
Many a pound and penny told,  
Many a bargaine bought and sold,  
And Tauerne full in euerie place.  
And yet they say wine wilbe scarce:  
And this was all the heavy newes,  
That made the copper noses mule.  
For nose qui vivimus being there,  
Dranke Rosa solis in the fayre.  
And Libera nose cald for Sack,  
For euerie nose was loath to lacke.  
And when the cheere was at the best,  
And welcome given to euerie guest:  
Suddenly there came a Post,  
With weeping teares and told mine host:  
Be it knowne to all noses red,  
Nos maximus omnium is gone and dead.  
This is strange and this is true,  
Therefore mine host it belongs to you:  
And all that sell good Beere and Ale.  
To haue regard vnto my tale.  
And send vnto the Wintners hall,  
Present word to warne them all.



Newes from Bartholmew Fayre.

To make ready to his fanerall.  
And bury him in a malmesey tunne,  
For the good deedes that he hath done:  
For he was free of the old haunce,  
And much good wine procured from France,  
With Sack and sugar out of Spaine,  
Whereby he did more noses gaine,  
Under his banner for to be,  
Then all the noses that be free,  
and a very commodious nose had he,  
A long nose like a mazer,  
Of murrey colour in steed of azur.  
And he had a ripe and redde head  
And yet his nose was neuer red.  
But he bare such a maiestie.  
To the copper noses company,  
He sent to Turkie and Candie,  
For Muscadell and good malmesey:  
And all in a ship called the Pinton.  
Which did more good in my opinion,  
With many voyage that she made,  
For sacke and sugar to the trade.  
That ship and the Sultan did more good:  
To copper noses by the roode:  
Then all the ships that went abroad,  
And wheresoever they lay at roade:  
There should you see red noses swarme,  
Like honny bees in a charme.  
But hearing of these tidings sad,  
The Can maker cried, as if he had bin mad,  
O sticks and stones, birchbats and bones,  
Briers and brambles,  
Cooke's shops and humbles,  
O fishers of Kent,  
Heycockes and bent,  
O cockatrices & hermesbats that in woods  
O rollers of Crapdon; (oo dwell,  
O rusticks of Baydon,



Newes from Bartholmew faire.

O Devills of hell,  
O Pewterers and Tinkers,  
O Swearers and Swinkers:  
O good ale Drinkers,  
O honest Mooers,  
O painted whores,  
O Trauclend Barge,  
O honest George:  
O rimers and ridders,  
O Fencers and Folders:  
O Taylors and tumbleres,  
O Jokers and Jumbleres,  
Whores and whoremongers:  
No Maximus is dead,  
Yet we will haue an Epitaph shall be read:  
Where many a thousand weeping eyes,  
Shall tittle for sorrow if they be wise.  
Let all that are free of copper-smiths hall,  
Make ready to his buriall,  
And summon first, all good ale Drapers,  
To make them ready to carry tapers:  
And all noses that looke blacke,  
Shall come mourning after with cups of sack-  
Noses beaten blacke and blew.  
Shall drink claret wine, to change their beu-  
Noses that be tawny like Tanners,  
Shall ring the bells, and carry the banners.  
Noses full of precious stones  
Shall coffin by his body and bones,  
Sencer noses all full of craggies,  
Shall carry cakes in emptie bagges.  
Nose Scabiosus now and then,  
Shall carry sheeps heads to spittlemen,  
And all noses that looke pale,  
Shall serue pooze folks with bottle ale.  
Nose Matialis pray for those,  
That faine would haue a better nose.  
Ne nose that hath no Nose at all,

Newes from Bartholmew fayre.

Shall broach the hogthead next the wall,  
Letifica nose the dirige shall sing,  
Laudate nose the bookes must bring:  
Beatus nose, shall make his graue,  
Because nose maximus the worms must haue  
At his head shall lie a tunne of Sack,  
Within his life he would not lacke.  
And a butt of Malmesey at his fete,  
And a sugar loafe in his winding shete:  
And thre cups of bottle-ale standing by,  
To tipple for euer when he is dyie.  
And to his buriall there shall go,  
All manner of noses that can make any shew,  
The Golosmiths first and chiefe,  
The Copper-Smiths next to giue reliefe.  
The blacksmiths with their hammering trade.  
To see the tombe sufficiently made.  
The Silver-Smiths if any will be,  
To giue money to the povertie.  
And noses rich shall stand by his hearse,  
With this most lamentable verse.  
Here lyeth nose maximus god of faces,  
That maintaind noses in all places,  
With pearle, stones and rubies,  
Too good to giue loobies:  
But such as lone napping.  
While the good ale is tapping:  
Hang him at Wapping.  
That will not tipple and be merry,  
With a rose red as a cherry:  
Wey over the ferry,  
Into Bucklars berry,  
Where good men be dwelling,  
That haue sugar selling:  
To make Clarret wine,  
In the goblet to shine,  
And make noses fine,  
like thy nose and mine.

But



Newes from Bartholmew faire.

But pose abrannucio;  
To this burfall shall not go.  
Pose pose nihil valet,  
But poses like Scarlet,  
And full of bay berries,  
And red cheekes as cherries.  
Let M. Derten prepare to ring,  
And all our holy brothers sing.

The Masse for his soule.

*Bibite multum,  
Esse sepultum,  
Sub pede stultum,  
Asinum et multum,*

The Denill kisse his lultum, Amen

With hey ho rumbulo,

*Horum populorum, per omnia secula seculorum, Amen.*

Sepultus est among the twodes,  
God forgive him his misdeeds.

*Iam iacet hic sturke dead,*  
Heuer a good tooth left in his head.

Then let vs take an other boule,

And euery man sing for his soule.

With Candle booke and bell,

We curse the beables of Wydetwell,

And with them all at the infernall ptt of hell.

*Te rogamus audi nos.*

*Sancta tui Genetrix,*

With a paire of Fisting stiches,

An old capcase, a cushion,

A capon, a leg of mutton,

And a Cobpeete, *Ora pro nobis,*

*Forma mirabilis facies immutabilis,*

*lux incomparabilis*—Heuer a nose Domine,

From wine not the Ratum,

But somewhat to Whitum.

And omne finitum. — Heuer a nose Domine.

But

Newes from Bartholmew fayre.

But while the Post thus carried beere;  
Still walking by and downe the fayre,  
There came out euery where,  
Gallant gay noses there,  
Some came out off the cloth fayre,  
Some were sellers of other ware.  
Some came out off the fayre of Leather,  
And tpling houses altogether:  
That all the Fayre began to shine,  
With the beauty of noses fine.  
But still the newes came more and more,  
Euen as the Post had said befoze:  
Whereupon at last they al agreed,  
To sell away their ware with speed,  
Against the election day should be,  
Who should be maister then to see.  
For he was chosen long ago,  
By God Bacchus, as al men know.  
And now that he is gone and dead,  
Such a Company without a head.  
Would fall to ruine and decay,  
Therefore let be autious noses pray:  
To glorious Bacchus once againe,  
To comfort nose defunctus his men.  
Then the Wintners which had the first biew  
Stept to the Gods and began to shew:  
That old father Bleuin lieutenant might bee  
Of all the vine presses, in euery degree.  
That they being Wintners, and liue by their wines,  
Might haue this suite granted to the for their copnes.  
And if any one, claime any custome by right,  
Under father Bleuins banner they should fight.  
And further the Wintners made this supplication,  
As here you may heare the manner and fashion.

The Supplication.

In most humble wise we beseech you and shew,  
Unto your Godheads all in a row,



Newes from Bartholmew Fayre.

The Wintners remaining in all kind of places,  
That whereas by maintayning of noses and faces:  
There hath beene great sale and vtterance of wine,  
Besides beere and ale, and Epocras fine:  
In euery country, region, and nation,  
Chiefely at Billingsgate at the salutation,  
At the Bores head, nere London Stone.  
The Swan at Dowgate, a tauerne well knowne.  
The Mitre in Cheape, and then the Bull head,  
And many like places, that make noses red.  
The Bores head in old fishstreet, three cranes in the  
And now of late S Martins in the Sentree. (vintree,  
The windmill in Lottbury, the ship at th Exchange,  
Kings head in new fishstreete, where roysters do range  
The Mermaid in Cornhill, Red-lion in the Strand,  
Three tuns Petigate market, old fishstreet at y Swan.  
Of late (may it please you) for want of good order,  
The colours are decaid in euery good border:  
By such as intrude and seeme to oppresse,  
Rozestalling country markets with wines that be lesse  
They are great dealers in vttrance of wine,  
And are but ale dealers, and put water in their wine.  
May it therefore please your godheads we may be be  
To haue this disorder among them amended (strended  
And graunt we bescech you of mercy and pittie,  
Your licence to our new master nose of this citty,  
To appzehend, arest, and take in all places,  
All manner of men, hauing mettle in their faces.  
And that euery one arested in this manner,  
Shall carry a pot vnder the Wintners banner.  
That if any man deny,  
Your licence to obay:  
Then while his nose is hot,  
We may ply him with the pot:  
And banish him his ale,  
And set his coat to sale:  
Till he hath protested, Good fellowship with the rest.  
God Bacchus as soone as he vnderstood,

Newes from Bartholmew Fayre.

Their earnest request, and all for his good,  
He presently granted with princely discretion,  
To good father Bleuin a generall commission.  
The tenour whereof you may vnderstand,  
Given vnder God Bacchus owne hand.

The Commission,

Bacchus the God of wines,  
With the consent of his concubines.  
Incensing fiery faces,  
Sends geeting euen,  
To old father Bleuin,  
From the Almighty graces.  
That whereas there doth remaine,  
In England, France, and Spaine,  
Italy, Barbary, Turkie, and Candy,  
As goodly red noses and faces as can be.  
With purple & pumple to furnish the place,  
To set out the glozy of the nose or the face.  
With colours most lusty and liuely of hew:  
Crimson, violet, purple, and blew,  
Which are commodious many a way, (Uray  
To lighten the darke waies for men gone a-  
And also to enrich the Jewellers shops,  
With amber & pearle stones, that growe on nose tops.  
We haue thought good of our princely grace,  
Abooue all other thou hauing the place.  
To glue thee authority vnder our seale,  
For the generall good of euery weale:  
Superiour power ouer faces,  
In citties, and towne, Corporations, and places.  
In this good cause whatsoeuer thou doe.  
Of our princely grace we meane to allow,  
Gluing thee power to search among guests,  
In euery tauerne, at euery messe.  
That those that haue the richest faces,  
May be set in the highest places.

Given at Candy, Among the good malmsey  
Under



Under the shadow and shape of the vines,  
 And seald with the signet of our copper coines  
 The same being granted, the Gods did agré,  
 Then houe came the Wintners so frank and so free.  
 Such pot sale, and hot sale was made in all places,  
 That by starr the good ale in their noses and faces.  
 And they that went thither pale as a clout,  
 Came liuelier home hither, then euer they went out.  
 Which made them appoint a parliament day,  
 To set their decrees at an excellent day.  
 When all Wintners would come in,  
 The Parliament should begin:  
 For then comes home, of euery trade,  
 Enow to see these orders made.  
 But chiesely those that came from Candy,  
 And bying vs in true harted malmesey.  
 And other good company,  
 That I dare warrant ye:  
 As butchers and bakers,  
 Brewers and tanners,  
 Inkeepers and grassiers.  
 And the Cornhill brasiers.  
 And old Custome enterers,  
 And old marchant Venturers,  
 That from the old hance,  
 Haue noses that will daunce.

**A**nd when S. Martins day was come,  
 The day appointed of all and some.  
 Especialy such as were:  
 The highest in the liuery there:  
 The whole house did soone agree,  
 That malmesey nose should speaker be,  
 Because they did perceiue and see:  
 That he had moze strength to tell his tale,  
 Then scurvie double beere or ale.  
 And being on this merry pin.

Newes from Bartholmew Fayre.

The first statute that came in:  
Was An act of Conformity,  
For the Copper-noses company.  
Which the speaker very wisely,  
Did argue there precisely:  
Then shagbaird ruffin he stept by,  
For he came lately from the cup,  
And swore it were not out of square,  
That it might be enacted there,  
That all noses wan or pale,  
That loved wine, beere, and ale.  
With a constant mind, and a merry heart,  
They should stick to the pot, and neuer part.  
And be made Denizens,  
Amongst vs Citizens.  
The yonger warden then spake he,  
But he that will a denizen be,  
Must first of all compound with mee,  
For I haue authoritie vnder seale,  
To amend their noses a great deale:  
God forbid quoth the speaker else,  
But that officers that carry seales,  
Should haue their fees and duties paid,  
Ere any Patents should be made.  
Then came there a statute in,  
Whereof the title did begin:  
A Statute of preheminence,  
To giue red noses reuerence.  
Against Barber-surgions & Bathcartes  
Decay many noses rich, (which  
With Guaycum drinke and lignum vitæ,  
*Qui habetis nasos huc venite.*  
With purges, drugges, and paines,  
To drie away red beines:  
Disordering so the head,  
Whereby the nose is fed:  
There can no red iuyce remaine,  
Which ne nose did maintaine.



Newes from Bartholmew faire.

To be maruailous good and necessary.  
Say quoth the house, by S. Mary:  
Let it rather be enacted,  
That noses putrifacted,  
With muscadine they shall be mended,  
Whereof the reume ascended:  
So the nose will soone renue,  
And so the Vintners may quickly thine:  
And if any Pothecary,  
Say o: doe contrary.  
It shall be felony in the soile,  
And so his nose will coole.

Then came for good rule.

Whereas at diuers and sundry meetings,  
Many men are scoznesull in their greetings.  
To laugh, and mock, and scoffe at noses,  
With many filthy strange purposes:  
As painters, Ambrotherers, & such occupations  
Which say red noses take by their fashions,  
Be it enacted now therefore,  
As many as laugh at noses any more,  
Shall pay the shot,  
And loose the pot:  
For hindering noses that would be hot.  
And whereas at y last session of Parliament,  
By the vintners owne consent,  
There was an act made, yet to be read,  
For the maintayning of noses red:  
Crimson, purple, and all other,  
To salute them like a louing brother.  
With a cup of wine when they come by,  
Which the vintners perforce but slenderly,  
Be it therefore inacted and made,  
By the authozity aforesaid:  
That such as do vse the vintners trade,  
And shall hereafter see any one passe,  
Hard by his doze with copper o: brasse,  
In any part of his nose o: his face.

The first of the names of the  
 Straight way to greet him,  
 As soon as they meete him,  
 With a cup of good wine,  
 To keepe his colour fine,  
 Upon paine that he shall lose,  
 The custome of a copper nose,  
 Provided alwaies, that none come in cleare,  
 But shew a red nose, once a yeare.  
 And if any one chance,  
 To claime the freedom of the olde hance,  
 Let his nose be ragged like a rock,  
 Full of blemishes of an ancient stock.  
 Enacted further let it be,  
 If any Winkers see:  
 Any man that hath little mottle in his face,  
 So he have a good will to tittle space.  
 That he give him a pot of swaine,  
 It will come home double againe.  
 For the more men drinke the more they may  
 And that will be the ready way  
 To make a good nose of a bad,  
 Whereof diligence had neede be had.  
 For if neede require,  
 A good red nose will serue a dier.  
 To dye of a lively hue,  
 A crimson in graine,  
 That neuer will staine:  
 A purple or a blew.  
 These gifts and many mo,  
 The very trueth is so.  
 Are given to good faces,  
 Besides a merry heart,  
 And a trueth that will not start,  
 From friends in friendly places.  
 Then came the ale-drappers bill,  
 Saying their drinke was brewed very ill,  
 With home-stalkes & bayberries, the which and al:

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